

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Copper*.



AN IRISH SCHOOLMASTER OF THE OLD TIME.

THE FOSTER-BROTHERS OF DOON.

A TALE OF THE IRISH REBELLION.

CHAPTER XVII.—A HEDGE SCHOOL.

YET it happened that a hedge did not exist anywhere near the school in question; for hedges are rather civilized growths, and imply a regular planting at some foregone epoch, and a carefulness at all epochs, which are not probable in a remote Irish district of date 1793. Likewise they imply gates, instead of gaps filled with a cart or a harrow tilted on end. Here the fields were divided and subdivided into the usual minute segments

of cottier ownership, by fences of loose stones and sods: in some places a mere boundary; in other places, where roguish cattle necessitated the thing, elevated into a soft-looking, herbage-grown bank some feet high; at odd intervals and corners of which certain scrubby furze-bushes had rooted themselves, and got burned every summer, when the children of the neighbourhood wished to extemporize a bonfire in honour of St. John's, or May-day. Consequently, among their green, half-gilded, spiny masses were brown blazed patches, which would nevertheless be verdant next spring, as heretofore.

A sort of continuation and concentration of four such

fences was the obscure temple of learning to which we would introduce our readers. It was roofed by a thatch so venerable as to be a marvel of house-leek and stone-crops; notwithstanding which additional covering from the energies of nature, various rifts between the rafters afforded exhilarating glimpses of the heavens to aspiring (though idle) youth within, and also afforded admittance to the rain. By consequence, there was a fair-weather and a foul-weather side to the establishment, and the stone seats, with their cushions of green sods, were moveable accordingly.

On this fine October morning the fair-weather region was fully occupied by a jostling set of boys of all sizes, who were arranging their "scraws," or turf cushions, in some sort of semicircle, for greater convenience of teaching and being taught. A single rush-bottomed chair, half of whose back had been rent away in some social convulsion, stood as the master's throne; but desk was there none in all the place; nor, indeed, was there need. An unframed slate on his knee answered the purpose, and his ink-bottle hung to a top button of his frieze coat by a leather strap.

Not yet had the pedagogue made his appearance, however; consequently, a species of saturnalia was going on, as in schools of higher pretensions during such licensed times. In the angle of road immediately outside, a noisy gang of boys and girls were busy at "thread-the-needle" and "high-gates;" a ring was formed round a pair of renowned "jackstone" players, applauding with unsparing shouts every dexterous manipulation of the five bits of quartz; another group had chalked certain geometric-looking lines—triangles and squares—on the ground, and were hopping about among them with apparently great satisfaction, jerking a bit of slate certain distances at each movement. "Fox-and-geese" was a resource within-doors; and one or two of the most studious were reading aloud to themselves, finger under lines, in a laborious manner, the volume being such as "The Nine Worthies: being Histories of Three Jews, Three Heathens, and Three Christians;" "The Adventures of James Freney, the Robber;" or that truly startling production, "Irish Rogues and Rapparees."

All which amusements received a sudden check by the appearance of the master at the turn of the road, marching along in his own customary majestic manner, and accompanied, a step or two behind, by the boys of the farmhouse where he was at present residing. Under his arm was the dreaded symbol of his office, which, indeed, never left that position, except when needed to administer correction; for, behold Mr. Brian O'Doherty at any waking moment, and the cane projected before and behind from beneath his shoulder. It was the badge of his order; he would not have been so proud of a marshal's baton.

"I think I'll put ye shortly up out of 'Vosther' into 'Hawney's Mensuration,' Mike, if ye continues to improve the way ye've been doin'. There's nothing like the sciences for a lad. What are the seven sciences, me boy?"

Mike rubbed his shock head, as he trotted along to keep pace with the master's wide stride.

"Arithmetic, astronomy, mensuration, geometry—" and he stopped short, slinking farther away from his questioner, with a sense of what was due to his failing memory.

"Michael Mahony," said the master, solemnly, facing round towards him on the road, "if ye forget the seven sciences that way, I won't answer for what'll become of ye yet. I'm hammerin' that piece o' knowledge into ye ever since I came to the place, an' ye're none the wiser.

An' all I've to say is, that I'm sorry for ye, Mike Mahony; an' if ye weren't yer father's son I'd belt ye this minit!"

Forward marched Mr. O'Doherty again, in a very dignified and dejected manner; while the culprit took good care not to diminish the distance between himself and the cane, but slunk round the corner of the doorway into an obscure corner, after the master had entered, and feigned to be busy with his "Universal Spellin'-book," open at its closing treatise, Dodsley's "Economy of Human Life," whereof Mike Mahony could not comprehend a single word.

"Why, then, ye set of spalpeens," was Mr. O'Doherty's immediate salutation to his pupils; "why, then, am I affer seein' ye all sittin' down comfortable, an' the little girls standin' like images? Get up, ye unmannerly cubs, till the ladies is sated. Phil Dwyer, ye're the biggest; shake a wisp of straw along by the wall for the little girls, an' always consider them fust, all yer life, sir. I wondher ye aren't ashamed of yourselves!"

Having administered this lesson of politeness, and marshalled the bare-footed young ladies in a row round the edge of the apartment, forming a pretty fringe of blooming cheeks and bright eyes as one would wish to look at, Mr. O'Doherty, being callous to these things, passed to other matters immediately.

"Did any of ye bring turf to-day, as I ordered?"

Only a few had remembered the command, as, during the summer, there had been, of course, no fires in the school.

"It's well for ye this isn't a cold day, or as much as yer noses shouldn't get the air of the fire. Don't forget yer sod a-piece to-morrow, or I'll know the reason why, I can tell ye."

He took a review of the crescent of scholars.

"Stand out here, Pat's Raymon. No shuffling, sir! You know what you deserve for mitching from school yesterday; an' there's no two words about it. Hold out yer hand!"

The cane descended twice with sullen "swish" on the outstretched palm. "I'll tache ye to be a mitcher in future, sir; 'tisn't two but tin ye'll get next time, as sure as my name's Brian Bero O'Doherty, sir.—What's that yer sayin', little Shamus?" to a "gossoon" who had come up in front of his chair, bearing some offering swathed in cool cabbage-leaves. "Spake out, acushla;" and he paternally bent his ear, having his eye unvaryingly on the gift.

"Please, sir, my mother send you a couple of prints from the mornin's churn, sir, an' to say she hoped you'd come over to dine a Sunday, sir; an' I lost my 'Red-a-mad-aisy*' in the bog last night, sir."

"Shamus," said the schoolmaster, with a majestic wave of his hand, "ye come of a decent stock, an' yer mother was ever an' always a decent woman, that had a proper respec' for the larnin', an' I hope ye'll take afer her, Shamus. Tell her that Misther O'Doherty, Philomath, an' Professor of the Seven Sciences, is obleeged to her—"

"She bid me tell you, sir, that she's beginnin' to pickle the pigs this week, sir," added Shamus, with another bob of his head.

"And that he will help at the Sunday dinner with the hoighth of satisfaction and agreeability," continued the schoolmaster, apparently unmoved by the prospect of good fare, which, nevertheless, touched a tender chord concealed in his bosom. "Go to yer seat, Shamus, me boy, an' we'll find a 'Red-a-mad-aisy' somewhere for ye." Thus was the offence condoned.

"We all know who's the white-headed boy to-day," muttered Pat's Raymond, rather sulkily; for which he might be excused, the cane still stinging on his fingers. He had no presents to bring the Philomath, consequently was always in receipt of rigid justice; and had he presumed to lose his primer in a bog or elsewhere, would probably have received the number of its pages in "pandies."

The hearing of tasks previously allotted was the first business of the school; during which time Mr. O'Doherty made and mended pens assiduously, for the writing-class afterwards. As yet the "Magnum Bonum" and the steel nib were not, but unsophisticated goose-quills, plucked from the live wing, perchance, that very morning, performed all the caligraphy of all the hedge-schools. Likewise were ruled paper and copperplate head-lines unknown; each copy had to be lined by a bit of soft lead carried by its proprietor, and its head-line written by the master in sight of his pupils. One by one the boys subsided to their places, and squatted into positions convenient for filling up the copies; some with slates on their knees, others kneeling on the ground, and resting the paper on a book upon the turf-covered seat; but there was no sort of uniformity among them in this matter. Occasionally a "swish" of the cane, and consequent howl, denoted when sudden vengeance had overtaken a boy caught in the fact of playing "fox-and-geese" on the sly with his neighbour, and not sufficiently alive to the master's approach, who meandered about the school, hearing the tasks of the little girls, and overseeing the writers, and teaching the alphabet promiscuously where needed: while plenty of idleness went on in corners, especially among the privileged "girleens." For no offence whatever would the cane be allowed to descend on these: it seemed as if one of the matters most successfully cultivated at Mr. O'Doherty's establishment was a chivalry towards the weaker sex.

The reading-class was in full swing, engaged upon the oft-told tale of "Tommy and Harry," or the terrific consequences of saying "Don't care," when Mike Mahony, who had been watching the door intently at intervals, to the detriment of his studies, proclaimed that "the sun was shinin' straight in." Mr. O'Doherty, not quite verifying the announcement by his own observation, postponed the break-up a few minutes longer, until Tommy had actually been devoured by the lion, and then gave the joyful signal for dispersion.

"Plase, sir, Misther O'Doherty, there's a gentleman rider comin' over the hill."

"Come back, ye pack o' vagabones," shouted the Philomath. "How ready ye are to cut off widout the half o' yer lesson said! I'll tache ye better before I've done wid ye! Rehearse this minit! D'ye hear? Rehearse, I say!"

Everybody understood why the order was given, and everybody lustily obeyed it. The rider, at some short distance from the cabin, heard the mass of voices, and smiled to himself, as fully comprehending the manœuvre. "Poor Brian Boru!" he soliloquized, "I wonder if he is at it yet—teaching the young idea how to shoot. Don't I remember him, with his crooked brown wig and his unsailing cane?" Twould be well for many a professor of higher pretensions, that he had the dignity of his calling so much at heart as my poor old friend, and was as much in earnest to impart his knowledge. Ay, 'tis Mr. O'Doherty still holding forth on the glories of learning." For when the gentleman rider was supposed to have arrived opposite the doorway, and that the vehemence of simultaneous rehearsal had made due impression upon him, it was stopped by a raising of the Philo-

math's cane, and a monologue ensued; which on this occasion wandered away to the distant region of Shinar, and descended concerning the original and patron of all schoolmasters, the King Feninsa Farsa, who went to study poetry in the Tower of Babel, and brought back to Ireland, as a result of his labours, "the ouldest language entirely."

"An' if it was a thing that ye wor bestowed with powers of bein' able to understand an' contemplate—which ye arn't, of coarse—I'd give ye an expatiation on polite literatire which would show ye that the king didn't make the learnin' a bit illustrious, but the learnin' made the king so, though he was born a genealogical an' heraldical monarch, the grandfather of Noah. Stand quiet, Shamus—what are ye starin' at?"

CHAPTER XVIII.—PERGUS KAVANAGH.

A TALL shadow fell along the sunlight on the threshold. The Philomath turned round, in well-feigned surprise, to greet the young gentleman.

"It's myself that's proud to hail the entrance of a member of the educated divisions of society into this humble repository of learnin' an' the Seven Sciences," said he, magniloquently, and with a deep obeisance which left only the crown of his wry wig visible for the best part of a minute to those in front. "And might I appropriately inquire, sir, whether any person is taking care of your steed, as I observe you in equestrian costume?"

"Oh, my horse is well enough—cropping the house-leek, and his bridle round a stone," replied the stranger. "You have a flourishing school here, Mr.—" he hesitated, as if at a loss for the name.

"Brian Boru O'Doherty, Philomath (which manes a lover of knowledge, boys), an' your obdient servant, sir. The seminary's rasonable good, sir, if I could find the youth more compunctionous, an' aggressive on polite literatire, sir."

"Why," said the other, laughing, "don't they get on as fast as you could wish?"

"The customs of the country leave much to be desiderated, sir, with a view to the facilitation of education; they forgets in the harvest weeks what they learns in the summer, and in the winter weeks what they learns now; and so it comes to pass that the sum total of their acquisitiveness is hardly worth mentionin', sir, especially to one so grounded in all the branches of polite education as yourself."

"Come, Mr. O'Doherty, I can't believe so badly of a school which has been under your presidency so long; let me examine them."

"Suppose I had an acre of potatoes, and got three-and-fourpence halfpenny each hamper for them; how much money would my acre bring me?"

A few of the unwary arithmeticians floundered into the depths of this problem, and proclaimed guess-work amounts.

"Well, that isn't a fair cut question; but do any of you know how many herrings I'll get for elevenpence, if I pay three-halfpence for one-and-a-half?"

The seniors had been really well taught in elementary arithmetic and book-keeping. But never had an idea of the science of geography crossed either their minds or that of their instructor. A map was as unknown as a mummy. Consequently, when the stranger demanded where London was, dead silence ensued; until one of the eldest scholars, a hulking giant of nineteen, growled forth—"It's the biggest town of the English—and we'll drive 'em back to it some day, out of our own Dublin, wid the blessing o' St. Kevin!"

An alarmed glance shot from the schoolmaster's te

the gentleman's face; but what he saw there reassured him. A pleased, thoughtful smile rested on the hand-some features.

"So you feel the foreign yoke also, my poor lad! Well, when boys are thus eager, men should not be behind-hand. Your pupils do you credit, Mr. O'Doherty;" and he turned to leave. "You will do me a favour by giving them a half-holiday," whereat the *welkin* rang again with cheers, amid which the stranger mounted, and rode slowly away.

"Well, this other touch to the national pulse shows the same beat," he soliloquized. "Old and young have the sense of oppression; even as an indefinable weight in the atmosphere tells of the coming storm. Poor Ireland! and there is not a fairer country among all the lands! yet continually tempest-beaten, continually suffering—thy lot has been the lot of beauty—brightest sunshine only relieving the deepest gloom! But sooner would I link myself with thee, my country, in all thy degradation, than march after the conquering car of thine enemy, wearing her gilded chains!"

It will be seen readily, that Mr. Fergus Kavanagh was of a metaphorical disposition and warm imagination. No offer, that his biographer is aware of, had been made to the young barrister, to assume any English chains, whether gilded or otherwise: though it seems not improbable that if his present state of mind be cultivated, the result may eventually be a goodly crop of tangible fetters, without the gilding.

The old rectory came in sight—the comfortable ugly homestead, settled with some pains exactly in the position where there could possibly be no view; where a swelling pasture rose a few yards in front, crested with a row of elms, through which many a time had Fergus seen the crimson sunset burn on a spring evening. A very fragrant garden spread about it on all sides; an abundant garden, overflowing with wealth of every seasonable flower, and every useful herb, culinary and medicinal. As yet most of the complicated, highly cultivated, acclimatized blossoms of our modern horticulture had no existence; the rector's garden would be reckoned a wild scene of redundant commonplace growths by a flower-fancier of the present day.

But there he was in the midst of them—dear old gentleman! His son's heart warmed as he looked. "At my very rose-tree!" thought Fergus; and had a glimpse of the care with which that shrub had been tended and nurtured, because of its associations with the absent one. He could not know that another foot, lighter and youthfuller, had sometimes paused beside it an instant, for the same sake.

"I am glad to see you well, sir."

The pruning-knife dropped from the rector's hand, as he turned round. "My son!" And though the scene was not in France, these men, dearly loving one another, kissed with the lips, and could scarcely let go the grasp of hands. "You've been a long time coming, Fergus," said his father. "I suppose the packet had contrary winds? Never mind, since you're here, dear boy!—I must not call you boy, indeed, any more—a full-fledged barrister-at-law!"

"Always a boy to you, father! always the son you have a right to order and direct, dear father!" They wrung each other's hands again, as they went into the house.

Then followed a scene with the servants—old retainers who had known the young man from his birth—not the hirelings of a year or two. They would be doubly happy this night, because the beloved son of the house was home again.

"I'm so sorry the Doon Castle people are away!" quoth the rector. "I dare say they will come for the Christmas, though—or Gerald will be down for the shooting, probably."

"I saw them all in Dublin," remarked Fergus, with apparent indifference. "Colonel Butler is looking extremely well, but as great a bigot in matters political as ever. He and I would never agree—that's one thing certain."

"Well, he is certainly a little too stringent on some points," admitted the rector, "on which very points you are too lax, as far as I can gather from your letters. But waiving things political to-night—don't you think your old playfellow, Evelyn, vastly improved?"

"Yes, indeed," answered the son, with an assumption of indifference which did not in the least deceive his father. "Grown quite a fine girl, really—and does not seem to inherit the colonel's ultra-loyalism; whereas Gerald has it all, apparently. They'll find it difficult to make him the member for Doon—notwithstanding the overweening family interest—his politics are so dead against the people."

"Why, when did the vacancy occur?" "Saunders' said nothing of it."

"The major is to have some job government place, just to make room for young Butler," was the reply. "The negotiations are not quite ended yet. I wouldn't be in that sort of political life, and soil my fingers in such transactions, for all his estate in reversion," added Fergus, with a look of disgust. "It is all corrupt—corrupt to the core, the whole representative system of Ireland. In every possible point of view it is a farce. Suppose Gerald is elected—whose representative will he be? Certainly not the people's; simply the representative of so much land and so much money."

"There have been wise men," said the rector, gently, "who thought that land and money should not go unrepresented among the parliament of a people. But I am not going to differ with you, dear boy, the first night of your return home, though I had hoped that the news of the convulsions in France might have moderated your reforming fervour."

"So it has, father," answered the young barrister; "I am not the republican that I was; but I still can see and condemn abuses."

THE DISTRICT SCHOOL AT SUTTON.

THERE are few people engaged in carrying on the everyday work of the world, who are not at times brought into contact with that humblest of all classes whom society has characterized as "paupers." We all know what pauperism means; it haunts us continually in our walks abroad, and comes dab-dab-ing at our street-doors when we stay at home; we cannot get quit of it in town or country, and wherever we go it hangs upon our skirts from one end of the year to another. It means inability to work, and unwillingness to work, and a perpetual craving for those charitable alms which the industrious poor feel themselves disgraced in receiving, but which the pauper deems himself privileged to exact. Heads of families will tell us that it means much more than this, that it comes to them in the shape of ignorant, untrained, and helpless servant-girls thrust into domestic servitude from the no-discipline of the workhouse, and of parish apprentices with faculties both of mind and body so dull and undeveloped, that it is next to impossible to do anything with them. They will tell you that while you may

expect efficient service from the offspring of the cottage-bred "poor," however humble, you can expect nothing, as a rule, from the workhouse-bred "pauper" child. What is the cause of this appalling difference between the two classes, when the social barrier is so slight? Look into the average workhouse, and you will see, in good part. What is the child doing there? For the most part, he is doing nothing beyond waiting for his dinner, or his supper, if he gets any, though sometimes you find him breaking stones in a shed, and at others standing up in class, sharing a dog's-eared primer with four others—one on each side of him, and two peeping over his shoulders—while he bellows a-b, ab, and b-a, ba, in response to the doubtful prelections of a pauper schoolmaster. Then look at the hopeful subjects of this kind of instruction; they shamble about in clothes that don't fit; they cannot stand upright in the ponderous clogs that cumber their feet; with fingers regularly chilblained every winter, and swollen to double the natural size, they can handle nothing much less substantial than a pitchfork, and so make woful work of any attempts with the pen. Their education, if such it is to be called, generally succeeds so far as to impress them with the idea that a book is a hateful instrument of torture; and if in after life they read at all, it is with painstaking labour, and not with pleasure. In a word, in the badly-regulated workhouse, the child is trained for uselessness and pauperdom.

Who it was that first conceived the idea of depauperizing the poor by imparting to workhouse children such education and training as should fit them for the active duties of life we cannot state. The attempt has been made in various places and in various ways; but nowhere, to our knowledge, upon so liberal and comprehensive a plan, and with such marked success, as at the South Metropolitan District School, situate at Sutton in Surrey, to which we are about to pay a morning visit. This school, erected a few years ago at a cost of some fifty thousand pounds, by the parishes of Bermondsey, Camberwell, Newington, Rotherhithe, and the Unions of Greenwich and St. Olave, stands near Sutton, at about fourteen miles distant from London, upon an elevated and healthy site. The building is in the mixed Elizabethan style, and forms, with its turrets and pinnacles, a good landmark to the surrounding country: it has ample accommodation for over a thousand children—could be enlarged so as to contain hundreds more—and has some eight or nine hundred beneath its roof at the present moment. All these children are sent hither from the unions and parishes above named, with the addition of about two score from the Poplar Union; and it is contemplated that the numbers will be much increased by additions from other parishes, the governors having resolved upon admitting children at the minimum charge of five shillings per head per week. We shall witness here a different kind of treatment from that which the ordinary workhouse exhibits—the depauperizing and not the pauperizing treatment—and we shall make some acquaintance with its results.

It is on the verge of twelve o'clock, when, having run down to Sutton by rail, and traversed the distance between the station and the school, we first enter the building. The superintendent courteously volunteers his guidance; and, as we have arrived at the interesting crisis of dinner, he leads us first to the dining-room. This room is a spacious central hall filled with benches and long narrow tables, those for the boys being separated from the girls' side by an open causeway leading to the kitchens. Some four hundred boys are seated in readiness on the right, and about as many girls on the

left, and both boys and girls are chattering and chirping and laughing, and raising such a clamorously cheery chorus as is almost deafening. You would despair of quieting such a clamour by any means in your power; but lo! that young fellow lifts his fore-finger in the air, and in an instant there is a silence so complete that one might hear a pin drop on the floor. Then the eight hundred children's voices burst suddenly into song, and the "grace before meat" is chanted with decorous solemnity. That done, a couple of hand-carts come along the causeway, freighted with mealy potatoes bursting from their jackets; and, it being meat-pudding day, the volunteer pudding corps marches in in single file, each little man bearing a huge dish loaded with what we pronounce, on the report of our olfactories, to be capital beef-steak puddings. Under the hands of the young attendants, the yard-long puddings speedily vanish in generous rations, dealt out with the mealy potatoes to the expectants right and left, and in the course of a few minutes the whole juvenile congregation are engaged in a practical commentary upon the performances of the cook.

As we are not privileged to experiment upon the puddings ourselves (we can't help wishing we were), we follow our guide to the place whence the puddings came—to the kitchen, with its large appliances for wholesale cookery—where fire, hot water, and steam are in full force and under easy regulation for cooking on any scale that may be required. Then we look in at the bake-house, where every loaf consumed in the establishment is made—made, be it noted, in good part by the boys themselves, who thus learn the baker's trade; then we look into the bread-store, where the loaves are stored away for consumption; then into the lavatories, where any boy or girl can procure a clean face at any time; then into the bath-room, where once a week they can souse, and plunge, and even swim if they like, in tepid water; and then into the laundry, where a thousand or so of linen garments are undergoing purification at the hands of the laundry maids. While making our casual survey, we note that no machinery—or next to none—is used throughout the establishment, and we are informed that the reason of this is, that though washing-machines, bread-making machines, etc., would do the work quicker, their adoption would prevent the children from learning to do it themselves, and thus defeat one of the main purposes of the establishment.

From these domestic offices we follow our guide upstairs to the dormitories. These are all airy, well-ventilated, and light as noon-day, and so lofty and spacious as to contain a volume of air sufficient for the health of the sleepers, even were they hermetically closed. One thing we noticed here with regard to the boys' bed-rooms, which we should like to see imitated in educational establishments of higher pretensions, and even in some of our high-priced boarding-schools—*Every boy above the age of a mere infant sleeps alone.* Neatness and cleanliness are the order of the day everywhere, and the odour of the dormitories differed in nothing, so far as we could perceive, from that of the fields without. But perhaps the best test of the sanitary state of any large establishment is afforded by the infirmary. The infirmary here consists at present of a couple of sleeping-rooms, situated away from the rest; though it is intended to erect a separate infirmary upon ground already selected. On inquiring for the patients, we found that among the nine hundred children, there were really but two cases of sickness, and neither of them apparently serious. True, there were several cases of accidents, such as broken bones, and contusions from the carelessness of the lads at their play and their emulation in gymnastic feats. A

better proof of the general health could hardly be afforded than the condition of these accident patients—they were all getting well and in capital spirits.

By the time we had made the round of the upper stories, and had visited the infant department—where children of both sexes, under six years of age, are reared and taught under separate management—it was near one o'clock; and on emerging into the boys' playground, we found the mass of them busy at their fun and frolic, and enjoying themselves as boys only know how. Now we entered the carpenter's shop, where the boys learn carpentering, and assist in manufacturing the articles of furniture wanted in the various departments of the school; we paid a visit to the tailor's department too, where, under the direction of a couple of practised operatives, the boys make their own clothes; and we did not forget the shoemaker's, where whole pyramids of invalid shoes were getting themselves doctored and restored to usefulness, while troops of new ones were struggling into being.

Meanwhile, there is rare fun going on in the playground; some are climbing the poles of the gymnasium—some are swinging round and round on the end of a rope, and cutting capers in the air—some walk the beam upon their hands; while troops of others, linking themselves together by the arms, advance at the *pas de charge*, and sweep all clear before them. But what is that sudden hubbub, and the rush of hundreds to one spot? That looks like a fight; and a fight it is too. How the young rogues are pegging away! But it won't last—fights never come to anything here. There goes the drill-master after them, and he will soon bring the combatants to good behaviour. What he does with them is just this: he leads them off to one of the corridors, and stands them up in a corner, where they do penance in silence, while the others are at play. On inquiring, it appears that Cocker "shied a stone" at Jones, and Jones "pitched into" Cocker, as a matter of course—neither of which proceedings is at all to be admired, though we may admire the perfect subordination of the lads under punishment, to which they quietly submit.

After partaking of refreshment, and strolling round the farm-buildings, for a glance at the methods of tillage and the live-stock, we return to the schoolrooms while the afternoon exercises are going on. The girls' school comes first; and here we find the classes separated by curtains in a long room, all undergoing a course of catechetical examination in the several subjects of study. First comes a class of modern history, which the tutor is illustrating, as all history should be illustrated, by means of a large map. The questions are geographical, as well as historical. As each question is put, the child who is ready with a reply lifts her hand, and she whose signal is responded to by the teacher gives the answer. At most of the questions, the majority of the girls are ready with a response, and at some the whole of them stretch out their hands. The responses are invariably correct, showing that the lesson for the day, though it has been only read over, and not learned by heart, has been generally understood and remembered. Another class in the same room are busy at mental arithmetic, and manifest a facility in calculation not often met with. "What," says the teacher, "is the cost of seventeen yards at nine-pence a yard?" In ten seconds a dozen hands are stretched out, and the girl selected replies—"Twelve and ninepence." "How many leaves can you buy for that sum at threepence apiece?" In equally short time the answer is again ready, and a child of some ten years says, "Fifty-one." Questions of this kind follow each other rapidly, and are answered with equal precision and

correctness. A third class is writing, and producing most creditable copies; and a fourth is spelling, not from the columns of a spelling-book, but from a reading lesson, taking the words indiscriminately. In an adjoining room we find younger children together, with untaught girls newly arrived, who are receiving preparatory instruction—some reading aloud—some dodging at the multiplication table, while others are writing on slates. In other rooms are the infant classes, who have to be amused as well as taught, and who sit in tiers, one above another, making a kind of game of the elements of knowledge, and playing at it, rather more in fun than in earnest, as infants should.

We follow the girls from their books to the needle-work, which is going on simultaneously in a large room, where we find about a hundred of them assembled, stitching and hemming away at the numberless linen garments required by the constant consumption of the establishment. As their little hands have to get through all the needle-work of the school without the aid of the sewing-machine, there is no fear of the work running short; their industry, however, keeps pace with the demand, as, after school hours, they work, about two hundred of them, up to seven in the evening. Some of the elder girls who are on the eve of domestic service, are busily engaged in getting ready their own outfits.

The boys' schoolrooms differ little in appearance from the girls', and the classes are separated in the same manner. The beginners are reading in classes, now singly, and now in chorus together—or they are spelling easy words—or learning hymns from dictation—or exercising in arithmetical tables—or receiving elementary writing lessons on slates. Among the classes more advanced, one is working rather complex problems in arithmetic, and they do it in a perfectly business-like manner, by the briefest methods, with a neatness as to figuring, and correctness as to result, which challenges criticism. Numbers of them have mastered rules for which they are not likely to find occasion in after life: they will work in decimal fractions, or extract the cube-root for you; and we are led to question for a moment the propriety of educating them to that extent. "But," says the tutor, "it is their own doing; they have an aptitude for figures, and you would not have us keep them back?" Other aptitudes soon become apparent. On looking at some of the copy books, we are at a loss which to admire most, the close imitation by one, of lithographed examples, or the bold independent style of penmanship which, another strikes out for himself: both are perhaps equally admirable, and both are of a kind which a merchant would be proud to see in ledger and cash-book. Another aptitude, and a right cheery one too, appeals to our sense of harmony. At a signal from the tutors, two classes coalesce into one choir, and they sing consecutively a number of airs, some in unison, and others in parts: among them we recognise some old friends; there is the old glee, set to new words, of "Here's a Health to all good Lasses"—there is the familiar old song "A Southerly Wind and a Cloudy Sky"—there is "Strive to Learn," sung in earnest chorus; and there are others, novelties to us, but all excellent in their way. Very pleasant and touching to us is the swell of young voices, and their execution tells us plainly enough that they have had sound musical training under competent leadership. This brings to notice the musical department, of which we must speak by report, as no instrumental performance took place during our visit. There are about thirty of the boys constantly in training as instrumentalists, under the band-master; they play all the instruments ordinarily

composing a military band; they have their set times for practice; they co-operate with the drill-master in the drill; and daily, when the signal sounds for dinner, they play the marshalled squadrons from the playground to their positions in the dining-room. That their musical skill is a solid acquirement, and not a mere pastime, is evidenced by the fact that these boys of tender age pass at once from the school at Sutton, to the bands of her Majesty's regiments: the Horse Guards are in fact glad to get them, and are at this moment waiting for the next instalment of ten or a dozen, as soon as they can be had.

But we must bring our survey to a close, lest we trespass too much upon the reader's patience. Enough, perhaps, has been set down to give the reader some idea of the de-pauperizing process as it is carried on at Sutton. Look at these boys and girls as they are here occupied—see them at their play, at their work, at their studies, at their meals—and try if you can to connect them with the idea of pauperism. It is not to be done; taking them in the mass, you see that the pauper element is eliminated, or being eliminated from their constitution, physical and moral; and you feel that they may grow up to men and women well qualified for doing the world's work, and resolutely earnest in the path of duty. As we turn away from the vast building, glooming in shadow as the sun sends his last faint beams up the western sky, the conviction steals over us, that, whether we have been duly conscious of it or not, we have this day witnessed one of the grandest spectacles—looking at it from a moral point of view—ever presented to the eye of patriot or philanthropist—grand, because it is a broad illustration of that mercy which man can dispense to his fellow; which, dropping like the gentle dew from heaven, blesseth him that gives and him that takes—grand, because it is a spectacle of that redemption which the strong can award to the weak, in rescuing them from the evil to come, and in transforming the ignorance which works retribution into the knowledge which helps on the prosperity of society at large.

In conclusion, we have only to cite a few facts from the very modest Report put forth by the Board of Management for 1863. From this we learn, what we are quite prepared to expect, the great usefulness of the school in supplying domestic servants and apprentices, and that the children of both sexes, when placed out, conduct themselves in a manner calculated to bring credit upon the establishment. We were told that a number of young persons of both sexes, who had been trained in the schools, and sent out as servants and apprentices, paid a visit to the school on Boxing-day. They were suitably addressed by the Vice-Chairman, and underwent a friendly examination by the House Committee; and the result was most satisfactory, showing that all were contented and happy in their situations, while their respectable appearance and intelligent manner gave evidence that the education bestowed on them had been productive of good. During the previous year, there had been placed out sixty-nine boys and eighty-three girls, only four of whom were returned to the school, and these four afterwards obtained situations. The Report concludes by expressing a hope that the purpose for which this school was established, namely—the de-pauperizing the children—has been successful. That it has been so in an eminent degree they have the testimony of the best judges; to which testimony we cordially add our own, believing as we do, that this noble institution is based upon solid wisdom, and that all its objects are carried out in a spirit of true Christian kindness and benevolence.

THE FACE OF THE MOON.

BY E. DUNKEIN, ESQ., ROYAL OBSERVATORY.

Who has not admired the beautiful spectacle exhibited on a fine calm winter's night, when the full moon is nearly vertical at midnight? Who, again, has not frequently watched the round harvest moon night after night rise in the east, just as the glorious orb of day has disappeared in the western horizon? Or, who is there amongst us, whether he be old or young, who has not at some time or other directed his thoughts to our attendant companion in space, during its monthly revolution around the earth, either in contemplation of its sublime appearance in the heavens while its apparent form is undergoing a continual change from day to day, or of the wondrous peculiarities exhibited on its surface, of its craters and mountain bearing evidences of volcanic origin? And yet, notwithstanding this universal attention, there are doubtless many who have not well-defined conceptions of the numerous interesting facts peculiar to the lunar surface, one square inch of which exhibits sufficient material for a complete article, if described at length as revealed by the assistance of the telescope. Our intention, however, is not to enter into so close a scrutiny, but rather to describe, in a very brief and popular manner, a few of the principal peculiarities depicted on the lunar surface, as examples of what may be seen over the whole disk of the moon, in order that those who have no means of obtaining a telescopic view, may have some slight initiation into what hitherto may have been to them a hidden mystery.

Astronomers of all nations have made the moon an object of scientific observation and research, to a far greater extent than any other body of the solar system. Some have made careful delineations of the lunar disk, tracing with the most minute accuracy the form and relative distribution of the numerous objects seen on the surface; while others have investigated the motion of the moon in its orbit, by the aid of lunar observations made chiefly at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, by which means its position in the heavens at any future time can be easily predicted. The latter class of investigation is of the greatest importance to the mariner, who is enabled by these predictions to guide his ship from one side of the ocean to the other. Before sufficient data could be obtained, it has been necessary for the Greenwich astronomer to note, with accurate instruments, the position of the moon in the firmament at a given time, from day to day and from year to year. All this has been done regularly from 1750 to the present time; and the predictions resulting from the Tables formed from these observations are published in the "Nautical Almanac," for the use of the sailor; for, without the assistance of the moon, our ships, instead of fearlessly traversing the ocean from pole to pole, would probably even now be incapable of performing long voyages, but would be employed only in the exchange of commodities and intelligence between well-known and neighbouring shores.

The secret of the extraordinary popular attention being devoted to this celestial object, is undoubtedly owing, in a principal degree, to its striking appearance in the firmament, where it is continually undergoing the apparent changes of form to which it is subject.

The numerous inequalities peculiar to the motion of the moon, the investigation of which have occupied theoretical astronomers since the time of Newton, are always considered subjects requiring the clearest mathematical minds for their proper elucidation. Our province is

not, however, to enter into an explanation of these abstruse calculations; nor is it our intention to explain the causes of the change of position of the moon in the heavens from day to day, because this branch of lunar astronomy, though exceedingly interesting and valuable to some, could not be properly discussed in the limited space allotted to us. We shall therefore generally pass over this section of lunar inquiry, and confine ourselves chiefly to the general telescopic appearances of the lunar surface.



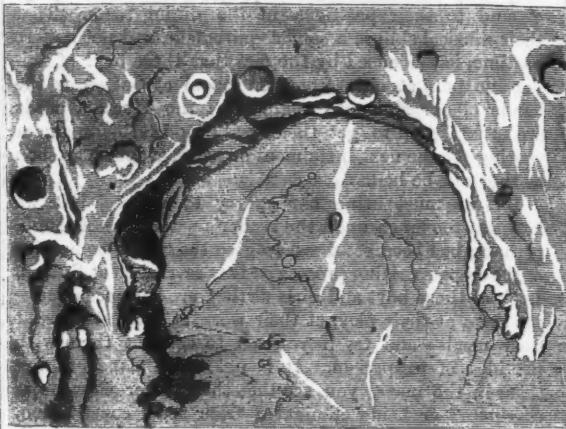
THE LUNAR CRESCENT.

It will, however, be proper to state in this place, that the distance of the moon from the earth is about 237,000 miles; its diameter being about 2150 miles. The sun is 91,500,000 miles distant from the earth, or nearly four hundred times the moon's distance, and yet the two objects appear to us of equal magnitude.* In comparison, therefore, with the sun, our satellite is indeed a very near neighbour. From this, it is not to be wondered that astronomers have been enabled to survey the surface of the moon with almost as much certainty as geographers map out the surface of our own globe. For by means of observations made with superior telescopes, the lunar disk has been divided and sub-divided, so that every prominent point is laid down in the charts with the same accuracy as our seas, rivers, or mountains are depicted; the heights of its mountains have been

* The results of some recent astronomical investigations on the value of the solar parallax, or the visual angle subtended by the earth's semi-diameter at the sun, have been most important. From the value $8.^{\circ} 57$, determined by M. Encke, from the observations of the transit of Venus in 1769, the distance of the earth from the sun was found to be $95\frac{1}{2}$ millions of miles. This quantity has almost become a household word, and is still found in the latest editions of works on astronomy. It is now, however, fairly established by the following researches, that this result is erroneous, and that the earth is situated three or four millions of miles nearer the centre of our system than was supposed, the distance probably being no more than $91\frac{1}{2}$ millions, or in round numbers, 92 millions of miles. The calculations of different astronomers, based on methods perfectly independent of each other, have given the following values of the solar parallax. M. Le Verrier, from a discussion of the theories of the movements of Venus, the earth, and Mars, has found it $8.^{\circ} 92$; M. Hansen, from his lunar investigations, $8.^{\circ} 92$; Mr. Stone, from a comparison of the observations of Mars, made at Greenwich, Cape of Good Hope, and Williamstown, Australia, during its last opposition in 1862, $8.^{\circ} 91$; and M. Winnecke, from a comparison of the observations of Mars, made at Pulkova and the Cape of Good Hope, $8.^{\circ} 96$. The agreement of these values is most remarkable, and tends to dismiss all doubt as to the accuracy of the final result. M. Foucault also, from some recent experiments on the velocity of light, has proved that the received value ought to be diminished by a thirtieth part. From these experiments, the solar parallax is indirectly found to be $8.^{\circ} 86$.

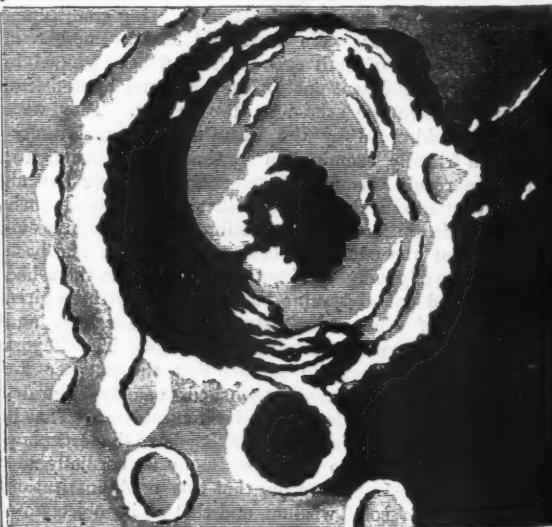
Our readers will see at a glance the importance of these researches, as the earth's distance from the sun, being the unit of distance in all astronomical calculations, the published distances from the sun in miles, of every member of the solar system, is diminished in a corresponding ratio, amounting, in the case of Neptune, to about 120 millions of miles.

measured, the depths of its craters have been fathomed, and other interesting peculiarities of the physical condition of its surface are now tolerably well known.



PORTION OF THE LUNAR DISK.

Our knowledge of the lunar surface is confined to one hemisphere—an effect caused by the coincidence of the time of rotation of the moon on its axis being exactly equal to the time occupied in its revolution around the earth; the same face is consequently always turned towards us. The earth is therefore invisible to the inhabitants (if there be any) of one half of the lunar surface, whilst to those of the opposite hemisphere it would appear constantly in their firmament, by day and by night, and always in the same position, changing only by an alteration in the station of the observer. When illuminated by the sun, the earth would have the same appearance as the moon does to us, but of greater magnitude, in the proportion of seventy-nine to twenty-one. It would go through the same phases, and complete the series of them in a similar manner by which the lunar phases are regulated; but when the moon is full to the earth, the earth is new to the moon, and vice versa, and when the moon is a crescent, the earth is gibbous, and vice versa, the one being always the complement of the other.



THE LUNAR MOUNTAIN GARNETI.



TELESCOPIC FACE OF THE FULL MOON.

Most of our readers have no doubt watched from day to day the gradual change in the appearance of the moon, from the narrow and beautiful crescent of two days old to the perfect disk at the full. There are many, however, who see these continual changes without having a clear conception of the cause which produces them. We will try to explain it briefly. While the moon is revolving in its orbit around the earth, its illuminated hemisphere being always turned towards the sun, its phases must depend on its position with respect to the sun and earth, which is generally defined according to the moon's age. An observer placed on the earth will therefore see more or less of the illuminated lunar hemisphere, depending upon the orbital position of the moon. For example, soon after conjunction, or new moon, it will be visible only as a narrow crescent near the western horizon at sunset, because, being at that time between the sun and earth, the illuminated hemisphere is chiefly turned away from us. As the moon advances in its orbit, the illuminated portion gradually increases, until one quarter of the lunar orbit has been passed over, when it appears as a half-moon, generally called the first quarter. In this position, one half of the bright disk is turned from us, while the remaining half is directed towards the earth. After this point the enlightened portion increases till opposition, or full moon, the earth at this time being between the sun and moon.

The whole disk is now visible, the illuminated hemisphere being directed fully to the earth. The enlightened part then diminishes in the same ratio as it formerly increased, the opposite side of the disk being now visible, the horns of the moon being reversed. The diminution of brightness continues until new moon, when nothing whatever is seen, the unilluminated hemisphere being turned towards us.

It must be borne in mind that, throughout these apparent changes, the same face is directed to the earth, whether it be illuminated or non-illuminated.

If the surface of the moon be submitted to a careful examination, even without the assistance of a telescope, distinct and definite lineaments of light and shadow are plainly visible upon it. These appearances never seem to change; their relative positions never undergo any variation; in fact, the features now exhibited are the same as those described in the earliest records. But let us ask the question, What is the character of these lineaments of light and shade? For answer, the telescope will assist the observer materially. By means of telescopic aid he is enabled to resolve these lunar characteristics into definite rocks, mountains, volcanoes, and plains, with a marvellous precision. They are scattered over the visible surface in every direction, being of variable form and magnitude. The mountains, or craters, are generally known and identified by the name of some

ancient or modern astronomer. Amongst them we may mention Eratosthenes, Ptolemy, Tycho, Copernicus, Kepler, Huygens, Newton, Flamsteed, Bradley, Airy, Herschel. Several parts of the lunar surface, of considerable extent, are mostly free from mountains, though not altogether; these were formerly supposed to be seas or oceans; but the existence of masses of water is not believed by modern astronomers. They are distinguished by such names as the Mare Nubium, the Mare Crisium, the Mare Humorum, the Oceanus Procellarum, etc., their number being thirteen.

For the purpose of illustration, it will suffice to describe the peculiarities of a few only of the principal mountains, which will give the reader a slight idea of the magnitude of these lunar phenomena. We will therefore begin with Tycho (seen in the lower part of the figure), which is always considered one of the most interesting of these objects.

The inclosed area of Tycho is about fifty miles in diameter, being nearly circular. The height of the western ridge of mountains surrounding the area is about 17,000 feet, and that of the eastern ridge about 16,000 feet. Within the inclosure, a central mount, about 4500 feet high, and a few lesser hills are situated. The district in its immediate neighbourhood is exceedingly rugged; craters, peaks, and ridges of mountains meet the eye in every direction, on all sides, for a considerable distance. From it flows a series of luminous streaks or rays, which extend over a large portion of the moon's disk, commencing about twenty miles from the exterior of the circular ridge of the crater. These streaks are not visible until the sun's rays fall upon the region of Tycho at an angle of twenty-five degrees or less; therefore, the more perpendicularly the rays fall upon it, the more visible the streaks will appear. Consequently, at full moon they are seen to the best advantage. Astronomers have many conjectures as to the nature of these luminous streaks; by some they have been considered to be mountains, by others it has been thought that they were at some period streams of lava, having flowed originally from the great central crater. It has also been supposed that, by a sudden volcanic upheaving of the lunar crust, the effect has been produced, similar to that of a pane of glass, or a sheet of ice, broken by a pointed hammer. The part immediately above that, where the upheaving agency is situated, would probably be the point where the greatest disruption would take place, from whence the cracks would radiate, allowing the lava to flow freely in gentle streams, according to the size of the opening, throughout its whole length. Mr. Hind remarks that "the mere fact of their diverging from the great crater, Tycho, proves that it was the focus of the volcanic outbreak, whenever it may have occurred." These are speculations, however, and there is in reality too little known to warrant any definite conclusion.

Copernicus is another large annular mountain of the same class as Tycho, though of somewhat larger dimensions, being about fifty-five miles in diameter, the highest part of the external ridge of mountains being about 11,000 feet. This crater is most easily seen when the moon is in its first quarter, for at that time the shadows produced by the sun's rays being intercepted by the ridge of mountains on the western side of the crater, are projected on the inclosed area, while the shadow of the eastern ridge darkens, for a considerable distance, the exterior plain near the mountain. These shadows are generally very well defined and extremely black. Radiating streaks flow from Copernicus, in a similar manner to those belonging to the region of Tycho, but not to the same extent.

The remaining lunar mountains around which this extraordinary radiation is manifested, are Kepler, Proclus, Olbers, Aristarchus, and Anaxagoras. Similar phenomena, but in a manner less distinctly marked, are visible around a few others.

Eratosthenes is a remarkable mountain, of the annular class, situated near the extremity of a long range of immense protuberances, known as the Apennines. The crater of this beautiful specimen is thirty-seven miles in diameter, a precipitous rock, nearly 16,000 feet in altitude, being placed in the centre. When the moon is near the first quarter, Eratosthenes presents a very beautiful appearance, if viewed with a telescope furnished with a moderately magnifying power. The shadows projected on the plain by the exterior ridges of the mountains which form the crater, are very distinctly defined, and afford a most interesting subject for the amateur astronomer.

Longomontanus is another celebrated circular range of mountains, being eighty miles in diameter. The eastern and western ridges rise to the height of 12,000 or 13,000 feet above the level of the inclosed plain. The numerous craters of small magnitude which lie in close proximity to this mountain, are sometimes concealed by its shadow, which is sufficiently large to cover all near objects. The surrounding region is savage and rugged in the highest degree; distinctly proving that these extinct volcanic remains must have resulted from a long succession of convulsions.

Gassendi as seen with a powerful telescope, is a favourite object with astronomers. This remarkable series of craters consists of two stupendous chains of mountains; the outer ridge, which varies from 3500 to 5000 feet in height, being about 60 miles in diameter. The area of the inclosure of this extensive range is 2800 miles, in the centre of which a curious mountain furnished with eight peaks is situated, while numerous others of less elevation are scattered about the inclosure. The inner range of mountains is 16 miles in diameter.

The altitude of the lunar mountains is generally considerable; but the greater number do not present any remarkable appearance. About twenty exceed the height of 16,000 feet, the highest, Newton, being about 24,000 feet. This latter can well be compared to some of the loftiest summits of our South-American or Himalayan ranges.

Some of the objects which we have described can be detected by a sharp eye; but, when viewed by a powerful telescope, they unfold to the mind scenes of marvellous beauty. We have seen them through the magnificent telescope of the Northumberland Equatoreal, at Cambridge, using a high magnifying power. The ridges inclosing the plains of the ringed mountains appeared projected towards the eye, as in a stereoscopic view. Rocks upon rocks were piled on each other in different layers; the shadows of the mountains were thrown upon the broad plains with an intense blackness; whilst the rugged nature of the whole lunar surface had a most striking effect. To all appearances, it seemed composed of one great solitary rocky waste, unfit for the habitation of living creatures.

We have already alluded to the large plains, on which the volcanic character is much less evident, though some of the principal mountains and many smaller ones are situated within their boundaries. These plains have sometimes been called seas, as their names imply; but, as we have before stated, this nomenclature does not exactly state the true nature of these apparently flat portions of the moon's surface. The dimensions of a few of these plains we will describe very briefly. The

Mare Imbrium is about 680 miles from north to south, and 750 miles from east to west. The Mare Crisium is 280 miles in diameter in one direction, and about 350 miles in the opposite. The Oceanus Procellarum is the largest of the lunar plains, covering a surface of 90,000 square geographical miles. The Mare Serenitatis is an elliptical spot, with an average diameter of about 430 miles. The remaining nine are all of considerable extent.



H. W. BOUNDARY OF THE MARE SERENITATIS.

To view these plains most satisfactorily, the assistance of a telescope, of moderate optical power only, is necessary; in fact, most of the lunar phenomena are seen to perfection with an ordinarily good defining telescope fitted with an eye-piece of low power.

In an article which is necessarily of a limited extent, we have only been enabled to describe the peculiarities of a very small number amongst the many wonders exhibited on the lunar surface; but if this slight sketch should raise in the mind of the reader a desire for further information, we would recommend him to inspect the chart of the moon prepared by MM. Beer and Mädler, a reduced copy of which has been published. Every phenomenon is marked in this chart with scrupulous accuracy, from telescopic examinations made by these celebrated astronomers. In their work on the moon, the heights of more than a thousand mountains are given, besides correct measurements of other objects.

Though the telescopic appearance of the moon presents to the eye a scene of solitary grandeur, exhibiting no evidence of life, but bearing visible remains of a series of terrific convulsions of nature, yet, in comparison with other celestial bodies, no one can deny its important service to the inhabitants of the earth, whether as "the lesser light to rule by night," or as the principal travelling companion of the ocean mariner, who is conducted from day to day on his untrodden path by the assistance of his lunar observations, which enable him to traverse the seas without fear, from one end of the globe to the other, in safety.

As a concluding remark, we trust that, while contemplating the wonders exhibited in the firmament of worlds around us, the works of God's hands, our minds are not forgetful of those feelings of gratitude due to the great Creator of the universe, who in his infinite wisdom has provided for our nights such a sublime and beautiful object as a substitute for the absent sun. And to the mind enlightened by true piety, the glory displayed in the works of God all the more enhances

the grace revealed in His word. "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?"

FOUR YEARS IN THE PRISONS OF ROME.

CHAPTER XV.—RELEASE FROM THE FORTRESS OF PALIANO.

At last I received a letter from my dear mother, in which, with a mother's intense affection, she congratulated herself that she had found out where I was. Where was that? In the dungeons of the Holy Father. She told me in her letter, which bore date September 24th, 1854, that she was doing all she could, by means of her relations, to obtain my liberation. She also sent me a most welcome gift of some money. Words would be but feeble messengers to convey my feelings at once more hearing her speak from her letter. All the bitter time of my imprisonment, and its consequent suffering, I had kept purposely from her knowledge, because I would not make her miserable from a knowledge of my wretchedness. Her heart was indeed torn when she heard of the sufferings of that only son, for whom she entertained such true earnest love. To my father, in his public career, she was not only the true friend and sound adviser, but the tender wife, and comforter in every trouble. I remember the feeling of deep security and trust, that, notwithstanding my unhappy state, I felt when in her own true motherly words she assured me of her untiring efforts for my release.

About this time a new calamity seemed about to threaten us; for we heard with dismay that the cholera was in Rome, and had reached within a few miles of Paliano. This made even the directors of the fortress think about the prisoners, and some precautions were taken, which added a little, but very little, comfort to our manner of living. A short time after this, I received another letter from my mother, dated 27th of October, which was cut through all over as a precaution, thus showing the truth of what we feared. How my heart trembled, when I thought of the many so dear to me, some of whom I was destined never to see again.

On the 12th of December, the governor of the town and fortress of Paliano came to the fortress and desired to see me. Upon my appearing before him, he read to me a paper, which was the grace of the Pope, bearing date the 8th of the same month. The contents of the paper were these: that instead of the galleys I was condemned to exile, and that from all the States of the Pope. He wished to know where I intended to go. I answered, to France, because I had heard that they would not grant letters of leave to England, where I had always intended to go. He then left me, and I did not give him any thanks, because, having committed no crime, I had no reason to thank him for liberty, which was hardly liberty, and which I ought to have had years before.

About a fortnight after this, the governor again came to me, with the requisite papers of exile for France; and he bid me sign a declaration to the effect that I would not enter into any of the States of Italy, the Roman States in particular, under pain of another year of imprisonment. With me many others received the grace, amongst them the Advocate Bubani, Ex-President of the Tribunal of Fermo.

All this grace-giving was to celebrate the festival of the 8th of December, in Rome; for by a congregation of upwards of two hundred bishops, the Supreme Pontiff

had declared the Virgin Mary to be immaculate in her own nature and conception. To my beloved and respected mother I owed the fact that I was one included in this grace; for she had not ceased to make applications to her relations high in power, and the Pope had for her sake, and not mine, granted me my release, else I should in all probability be in prison still, or, what is still more likely, dead. I now received another visit from the commandante; he was a certain Signore Capitano, Contè Savini Viterbo. His clerk, advancing to me, presented me with the letter of my mother containing money; he then gave me a rude sort of cloak for an over covering, obliging me to pay for the same.

Behold me now, after so many hopes and fears, almost free; after so many deceptive glimpses of liberty, at last, on the 2nd of January, 1855, about to leave this noisome den of suffering and unrest—about again to breathe the fresh air, and to look once more on the beautiful face of creation. But with this feeling came another: my parents, my wife, my dearly-loved children—I was not going to them; I might never see them again. But I endeavoured to put aside this feeling as well as I was able, as one I ought not to give way to in that moment of deliverance. This moment which I had so prayed for, God had in the plenitude of his mercy given me, and I trusted in his goodness to accord me also that happiness. Even to the last minute I was made to feel the ignominy of captivity; for a carabiniere approached me, and my person underwent a most rigorous search, to see that I had no papers about me.

I now, with much agitated feeling, saluted the companions of my imprisonment, one by one; and it was my care not to show too much haste to depart, because I left them still suffering that pain which I was leaving. With many of them I had formed a true friendship; mutual suffering, that strong bond, had united us; and I felt, with a kind of mournful satisfaction, that on the morrow they would look upon my empty place with sorrow, as on the place of friend who had used all the poor means in his power to lessen their great suffering. "Dio vi benedica, Caro Tergolina," were the last sounds which came from many voices I heard in quitting my prison of the fortress of Paliano, which I did, I believe, with the joy of all for my deliverance. I looked back upon its gloomy walls as long as my eyes would suffer me; for the warm tears were elicited by many mingled feelings, and filled my eyes; and with a wave of my hand to any one who might by chance be able to look after me, I turned the corner of the mountain path, and the hated fortress of Paliano, my dreadful prison home, was lost sight of, I trust, for ever.

CHAPTER XVI.—TO CIVITA VECCHIA AND MARSEILLES.

WITHOUT entering into any needless details, I must give some account of my journey from Paliano to Civita Vecchia. I was so weak, that the walk down the mountain path was too much for my wasted strength. The fresh air seemed to make me giddy, and the sweet sunlight to daze me; yet that weakness, although it proved to me the effect—the desolating effect of the past on my frame—seemed still to quiet my otherwise excited nerves. You must remember that, although out of the prison, I was not yet free. The captain of the fortress had accompanied me by good will so far, seeing my weakness; but the person into whose charge I was formally consigned was Angelo Capucci, Maresciallo di Carabinieri, and one of his men, both fully armed. Here we found our horses; and I record the melancholy fact that I was too weak to mount without the assistance of the officer. He then directed a peasant to lead my horse

down the precipitous path, and we proceeded on our journey.

My first halting place was the prison of Palestrina; for I was not allowed, like a free man, to go to a hotel, but to a prison. Here I stopped six long days, which was occasioned by the malice of the carabiniere Giovannelli, the same who had four years before arrested me in Rome. During the first two days four more of my companions arrived, and I occupied myself in writing different letters for those whom I had left in Paliano. We were all taken, manacled together, as like assassins under condemnation, to the station of the carabinieri. Here I found that the elder brother of Giovannelli was promoted to be brigadier of the corps; and he, with a rudeness I could ill account for—for when the two arrested me I was patient and enduring—told me that there was no room for me yet to proceed to Rome, and that I must go back, although I was first arrived. I therefore, heartbroken, but silent, went back. After those long six days, I was again taken to the station, and my wrist manacled with such cruel tightness, that, as before, the flesh was wounded and the blood flowing—base cruelty to a man so emaciated that they could count his bones! At the station was a rude car, into which I was assisted by the officer, my manacled, bleeding hands preventing my getting in alone. In this car I was to make my journey, and, to my great indignation, my escort was two mounted and armed carabinieri. In this fashion I made my entry into Rome; and I was, for the time, safely lodged in the prison of Termini. In these dungeons I met Signor Domenico Lustrissimi, for whom I had written a defence two years before, when we were in the Carceri Nuove; and being respected and known by the Chief Guardian, he, in return, procured me now some comforts which I otherwise should not have had. I here waited more than twenty days for my passport. I at last received it, bearing date the 15th day of January, and giving me eight days to depart; yet I had to wait until the last day of the month before I could go. I then left in the same car in which I had arrived, and although my liberty was dated more than a month back, December 8th, still, on getting into the vehicle, I was insulted anew by having my right wrist manacled with that of an assassin, the Chief of the Infirmary of Paliano. Behind me, in the same car, were three highway assassins of Ferrara, who, with the Chief, were going to pass their time of imprisonment in the prison of the Darsena of Civita Vecchia. In this state and company, with the two mounted carabinieri, I was conducted in midday along the public streets of Rome—La Piazza di Spagna, La via Condotti l'Orso, Il Ponte degli Angeli, Piazza San Pietro—being the observed of all observers. As I before stated, I was free for exile eight days after my passport was signed by Cardinal Antonelli, which passport I have now;* yet was I still treated as the worst criminal. I cannot do less than here speak of the truly kind and cordial treatment I received from my dear friend B—, whose name I do not write, because he is at this time painfully subjected to the pontifical government; and I should not like in any way to compromise him, and thereby put in peril his personal safety. He was at the window of his house, and saw me passing in the shameful and deplorable manner I have described. In a moment he recognised me; and, leaving with all speed the house, he came into the Porta Cavalleggiari just as

* All these papers—the passport, the "Grace" of the Pope, the paper with the marks of the prison—I have in my possession, as also the piece of stone with which I used to write on the wall; also my wooden prison spoon, and the pen which I made before I was allowed one—a piece of bone shaped into a rude pen by scraping it against the floor.

I was passing. He directly came near me, and asked permission of the carabinieri to approach me and embrace me, for indeed he loved me; and I eagerly rushed to speak to him, for I also loved and do love him, but this was roughly refused. At that instant the horse of one of the men who formed my escort became unmanageable, threw the carabiniere from his seat, and ran furiously away. My generous young friend saw in this a means of propitiating the officer; and without a word he was after the horse; and in a few moments, held by his strong young arm, the horse was delivered to his master, who, full of thanks, readily gave him the only guerdon he wished, namely, to approach and embrace me. In an instant we were clasping hands, his fine young animated face coloured with indignation at my state of indignity. I shall never forget his few words, whilst the tears filled his fine dark eyes: "Addio Caro Amico, I confide you to the justice of God, and feel sure that I shall again see you rejoicing and in perfect liberty, when priestly power is put down, and Italy shall have become triumphant and powerful." He threw his arms round my neck, and, kissing each other like father and son, we parted.

With my convict companions I next arrived at the prison of Palo, where we were all put into a room together, each being served with a sack of straw, as in the other prisons; but, as the cleaner place of the two, we preferred to sleep on the stone floor. Here it was that I learnt the fate of poor Baron Saberiani; for the Chief of the Infirmary told me himself that he had administered poison to him, and from his manner I was satisfied he did so from orders received from high quarters. I began to think of Father Giuliano, and was rather uncomfortable at the company in which I found myself, and I was truly glad when, after two days, I set out for Civita Vecchia. During our journey of twenty-five miles the rain poured down, and we were wet through, for we had nothing to cover us, except the short rude cloak I had. At last we arrived, amidst a concourse of people, in a most pitiable condition. My companions were sent to Darsena in Civita Vecchia, and I had to wait for the arrival of the steam-boat. Here again was delay, for the *vieé* of my passport. The steam-boat was coming from Naples, and going direct to Marseilles. I was now called upon to pay my fare, the guardian going with me, and afterwards accompanying me to the little boat, which was to convey me on board the "Mongibello." He stood on the shore to see me safe on board with the person sent to take care of me. And now I was out of that city, that land, which in ancient times was so renowned, and which all were proud to celebrate in prose or in verse, but which, by my own painful experience, I know to be the seat of every error and crime.

We stopped at Genoa five hours; I was at the other end of the vessel, admiring the beauty of the port, when I heard the voice of the captain calling me by name. I immediately came to him, and I could see by his manner that I had been most particularly recommended to his care. At last, on the 4th of February, I arrived at Marseilles, once more so far a free man. The weather had been so tempestuous that it was indeed a mercy that we did not all go to the bottom; but God in his bounty willed otherwise, and we were safely landed at Marseilles.

CHAPTER XVII.—IN FRANCE.

I WAS now in France, and therefore felt something of the pleasure of freedom. But it was by the goodness of God that I was still in life, and I earnestly thanked him that all those dreadful sufferings were past. During the past four years, I had suffered not a common

hunger, but all the horrors of famine, making me at times weak in my senses, for I had never tasted a piece of wholesome bread, or drank a clean glass of water. During this time my mental sufferings had weakened my body; for I had striven against physical suffering more for the sake of my home and those beloved ones, who indeed made it a home to me; but once more breathing the free man, I was able to judge better than at first, of the ravages which a constant want of food, and the never having got into a bed for four years, had made on my constitution. I endeavoured to take some broth at Marseilles, thinking that it would fortify my stomach; but I was too weak. I scarcely dared to touch meat, indeed not at all at first, and for some time I was obliged to take but a little food, often during the day, and thus gradually to use myself to meat. Indeed, for a whole year I did not recover from that state of famine, and my constitution is impaired for life.

I stayed in Marseilles some days; for the air and the food, although both trying, I knew would prove of much service to me afterwards. I also in that city received a letter from my mother. These days I took advantage of to make myself look more like a civilized member of society. During the time I was in prison, I had not dared to allow myself to be shaved, for fear of accidents, in consequence of which I was an object of wonder and to be stared at. My beard, whiskers, and moustachios had grown to an enormous length, and covered my lower face; and, never liking peculiarity, I as quickly as possible got rid of these appendages, and felt more comfortable after being thus relieved.

On the 13th of February I left for Paris, and arrived there, after a lonely journey, on the 25th of the month. The cold was intense, and I felt it very keenly after the warmth of Marseilles. But all these thoughts and feelings were put to flight, when I found that my old and dear friend Dr. Daniele Manin was also an exile in Paris. I felt indeed the truth of the saying, that God gives a silver lining to every cloud, and I began to be angry with myself for not fully trusting in Him, who had, as it were, taken me out of the lion's den. I need not say that my first thought was to see Manin; for it was more than I had even hoped for, to find this respected friend in Paris; for the exile wanders to many lands before he finds a resting place. I easily found him, and was received with all that true affection that our old friendship and our mutual troubles made us feel for each other. Our interview was long and affecting; we had been college friends together; and even in that boy friendship, we were firm and devoted. Each had now suffered for his beloved country, and each deplored her wrongs and oppression.

My life now began to assume a brighter hue. The company of a friend like Manin was truly grateful to my heart, because he knew me perfectly, and could enter into all my feelings. The dreadful dream through which I had passed had weakened my nerves, and even my powers of enjoyment, so that his quiet, soothing attentions, were of great use to me, winning me back by the charms of his friendly intercourse and his kindly offices of friendship. Still I was a wanderer from my family, from my dear children. True, they were in my own dear land; but when would they again see their father's face? and when would their father again hear their voices, so dear to him? May that Heavenly Father who has seen my sufferings with an eye of pity, in his mercy hear my earnest prayer, and permit me to see the faces of my dear ones again!

Manin and I truly sympathised one with another; for

although the first suffering of exile, and its consequent misery, had in part passed from him, he was suffering from recent bereavement. Whilst at Marseilles he had lost his wife by cholera, and in Paris his beloved child Emilia. His only son, George, had been ill for nearly ten months, and for all these things his health was suffering. For Italy his beloved and oppressed country, he felt the most sincere affliction. Her unhappy situation, the misery of her exiled sons, their suffering and wrongs, were never-ceasing cause of melancholy to him. He spoke, he wrote of Italy, and still Italy. His great object was to attain to the great cause of "unity of opinions," as the only means of securing the liberty of his unhappy country. He loved Italy like a devotee. His earnest and beautiful nature had developed itself fully, in the great struggle of patriotism. Ardent, generous, hospitable, true and leal in his sentiments, no one who claimed kindred with his sunny land was denied sympathy and assistance by him. Whilst in exile in France, he was respected by men of all parties and opinions. Even those who were antagonistic to him in politics, learned much from his even-handed justice. He was visited by persons of condition, both French and English, who considered themselves privileged by joining his social circle. By our own countrymen, as a matter of course, he was generally surrounded, among whom were the Marchese Dragonetti, General Ulloa, and others, also Ary Schœffer the great painter, famous for his pictures of the women of history. But I am happy and proud to say, that the heart and sentiments of Manin were to me alone laid open; we were indeed more than brothers. When sickness came upon him, and his highly-wrought nerves could not bear the sound of different voices, to mine he always listened with pleasure: our sentiments and views were one. He wrote frequently both in the journals of Paris and London, corresponding by letter also with his distinguished compatriot the Marchese Georgia Pallavicini, ex-prodictator in Naples, and Lorenzo Valerio Regio, Commissario in the Marche. Knowing his great anxiety for every sort of news respecting Italy, it was my pleasure to go to the different reading-rooms, and to make extracts from all the leading papers for him. Every scrap I could procure I used to take to him, and thus save him much trouble, and indeed much pain; for he suffered greatly with his head.

Manin did not always follow in action his principles, but ceded them to that which he thought was best for the good of Italy. I spoke for him with many heads of parties of different ideas to his own, to induce them to follow with him the principle of unification; namely, with Montanelli, Ruffoni, Amari, and others well known. In a letter in the "Sicile" of the 20th of September, 1855, he thus writes: "Faithful to my flag, independence and unification—(he refused all those who departed from this principle)—if Italy regenerated must have a king, it must be no other than the King of Piedmont." Words of generous patriotism from one who in himself, and for himself, was a warm republican. In another letter of December 10th, inserted in "La Presse," he declares "that independence and unification are the essential conditions of a national life, or vital nationality, and that France and England would not be contrary to Italian unification." In a letter in the Italian Journal, the "Diritto," February 11th, 1856, he says that "as a grave thinker, he believes the republican to be the better form of government, but as a political man he seeks only that which is practically possible," thus preferring the public well-being to his private opinions. A letter of the 11th of May, in the "Diritto," affirms that the Piedmontese Monarchy, ably represented by Count Cavour

in the Conference of Paris, did not desert the Italian cause, was not unfaithful to its national mission, adding that the titles of gratitude and fidelity of the national party were augmented. In one of the 25th, he says with his natural frankness, that the theory of political assassination should be left to the Jesuits and the stiletti of the "Sanfedisti." He states in the letter of the 28th, that revolution in Italy is possible, possibly near at hand, wisely recommending to avoid any occasion or pretext of collision with the French troops in Rome. A letter of the 29th says that the unanimous will of a nation consisting of twenty-five millions, cannot by any material force be long compromised; adding, that the unanimous consent to the national motto, Independence and Unification, and in its practical application Victor Emanuel, King of Italy, should be made to manifest itself from one end to the other of the Peninsula, in any of the thousand ways which the fertile imagination of a people in agitation could invent. Finally, in a letter of the 4th November, in "L'Unione," he insists firmly on ideas of independence and unification, and he accuses those who appertain to the party of Prince Murat, thus: "Who takes the part of Murat is a traitor to Italy."* I preserve with the greatest care and affection all the originals of these interesting letters, with many other political souvenirs of this great man and valued friend.

All this serves to show the generous spirit of patriotism which this great and good man possessed; he whose name must ever be a household word among the élite of the Italian patriots. It would be needless to report all the occasions in which Manin conferred favours and assistance, sometimes even beyond his power; enough to say, that on every occasion he joined with spirit any enterprise or subscription for the national good. Suffice it to record the following: He highly approved of the idea of the Journal of Turin, "La Gazzetta del Popolo," which was to open a subscription for the cannons of the fortress of Alessandria. And in a letter which I preserve with much care, of the 1st of September, 1856, and which was inserted in many journals of France, he opened a subscription in his own house (Rue Blanche 70), and at the same time obtained the co-operation of the "Daily News," which journal was and is the constant defender and sustainer of the Italian cause, and thus merits the respect and loyalty of all good Italians. With this he intended to contribute to a national demonstration in the face of all Europe, against Austria; and on this, as on every other occasion, with and for him, I did all that was in my power to help him. This subscription was most warmly responded to, and for many days all went well.

One morning we were much astonished at receiving an order from the Prefect of Police, Monsieur de Petri, of Corsica, and therefore geographically an Italian, who invited us to go to the Prefecture on the morrow. Manin and I answered in person; and although received with all becoming politeness, still we were told that the subscription must from that time cease. I need not say how indignant we were, because, as public and political men in our own country, so well known, we had scrupulously abstained from meddling in politics in the French capital. Manin was truly distressed, because, whatever he did, was done earnestly and well. We were

* These warning words afterwards proved well-founded; for a conspiracy was formed, of which Major Laucher wrote to the "Nazionale" thus: "Ten thousand young men, who are elected officers with Brevet have sworn fidelity to 'Murat.' I deposited these papers in the hands of the police. Signed 'Laucher'."

about making arrangements respecting the money already paid, when we received another summons from the Prefect, which Manin directly thought would be the order for his exile from France. But we were happily mistaken. On this occasion we were received with great and true French courtesy by the minister, who expressed his sincere regret that he had occasioned us so much pain; but he had thought it his duty to place the affair before the Emperor, who was at Biarritz, who directly sent by telegraph the order that "M. Manin was to proceed with the subscription, without hindrance from any one."

After this event, it is needless to say everything went on better than before. To say the truth, from this time I began to experience some hope regarding the policy of Napoleon III in favour of our dear country, but without giving to that hope much weight. We now proceeded with spirit with the subscription, and we had the satisfaction to remit to the "Gazzetta del Popolo" several thousand francs, and a beautiful cannon in bronze, the gift of our friend Signor Carlo Perla.

At this time I began indeed to recover, in the company of Manin, a part of my health and spirits, and hope seemed again to be an inmate of my breast. My home and children did not seem so far removed from me, as in my gloomy prison cell. But my time of suffering was not yet past; and a period was coming when I should require all the strength I had in part regained. One day I received a letter from my dear mother, in which, with much precaution, she told me of the death of my much loved and honoured father. So unable was I to bear this fresh and heavy sorrow, that the fatal letter dropped from my hands, and I fell almost senseless into the arms of George Manin. Long and terrible was that suffering day; for I had dearly loved my father, and it was some consolation to me to remember that I had never been but a dutiful son to him. I had scarcely quieted myself from the first shock, when I received two other letters, in which I learned that my wife was dead, and also my dear son—my Bernardo. I felt as though forsaken indeed, and I prayed to God to enable me to bear these crushing trials. Had I known at that time what I afterwards knew—that this dear child, my boy, my Bernardo, had so wept and mourned for his father, had so talked of me, as gradually to lose his health, and fall into a state of weakness, from which at last he died—I am sure that knowledge must, at that time of suffering, have caused my death.

And this, oh my country! is the penalty thy oppressed people must pay for thy benighted and priest-ridden state. Ties the most tender are rent asunder. The father lingers in prison, and longs to see once more the face of a child. The tender wife sees the husband of her love taken from her to the dark cell. And this, oh Italy! beloved by your impassioned sons, blessed by the Almighty with so fair a sky—with so fertile a soil—this is what the oppressor, man, has done, and is doing to thy afflicted people. May the time of deliverance and freedom be hastened!

To Manin I was at this time much indebted. He it was who comforted, and in part consoled my well-nigh crushed spirit. He it was who, if he did not see me as usual, would, even in his delicate state of health, come to my lodgings, and prevail on me to join his circle, so as to prevent me from being alone to think. All the consolation an earthly friend could give I received from this dear and valued associate. But He who alone can truly comfort the mourner, enabled me at last, when thinking of other mercies, to say "Thy will be done."

CHAPTER XVIII.—TO LONDON.

THE health of Manin—never very strong—at this time began visibly to decline. Anxiety for his beloved country, the losses of his wife and child, the pains and penalties of exile, all working on his system, laid him on a bed of suffering, and in a very short time this rare-minded, and truly wonderful man died, alas! too quickly for those who had been used to hear him, to profit by his sage counsels and good advice. Many were astonished at his death; for, although always more or less suffering, no danger was apprehended. Thus was cut short the existence of one of the most magnanimous and generous of citizens. His son lost a tender loving parent, and I a most constant and tried friend; society lost one of its most illustrious ornaments; Italy, one of her most wise and faithful defenders and protectors; and history will record his name amongst the chief of Italy's patriot sons. He was embalmed by his friend, Ary Schœffer, in his family grave, in *Père la Chaise*, where ten months after the great painter himself reposed. His son George had intended to have delivered a funeral oration at the grave of his father; but the Emperor of the French, although he had always treated Manin with great courtesy, prohibited him from so doing, under pain of leaving France within an hour.

My exile had now become indeed heavy to me; for, with the loss of my valued friend Manin, I again was suffering from loss of spirits and nervous depression. I therefore left Paris, and went to live in the great capital of London, where I knew I should have better means of obtaining spiritual knowledge and consolation, and thus to follow with greater fervour the change which so happily had taken place, little by little, in my mind in the midst of my suffering. Beloved England, that with thy industry, navigation, and commerce, hast become the grandest and greatest nation of the earth! Following the road of justice, continuing the amelioration of the laws, observing the constitution, protecting every public and private right, also for foreigners maintaining the liberty of thought and speech, of the press and of conscience, endeavouring to abolish the curse of slavery, and finally by means of the Gospel sending blessings to other lands, I have indeed been happy to live for some years in this land of domestic virtues and liberal institutions.

With deep gratitude I wish here to record the kindness and Christian feeling of an English lady, who for the first time explained and read with me the Holy Scriptures. How happy was my spirit at that time, and how I regretted that the veil of darkness which had so overshadowed me had not been entirely removed when suffering in my prison cell, that I might have received "Him whom to know is life eternal." In England, too, the providence of God has united me to an amiable companion, who has proved a consolation for me after so many terrible trials, by her intelligent sympathy and warm affection. I have since re-visited Italy, at the time she was beginning her struggle for liberty; and though my own native Venice is still enslaved, and my home and property confiscated by strangers, I have yet hopes of being re-united with my numerous family, and seeing better days in my much-loved country. Even now, in my own poverty and exile, my heart rejoices in the knowledge that twenty-two millions of Italians are united under one banner. But the two enemies of my country, Austria and the Pope, still put their iron feet over three millions of oppressed and suffering people. May Heaven in mercy hear the prayer and cry of those who long for the liberation of my beautiful Venice and of Rome, that Italia may be absolutely *one* nation, her king governing by justice and true religion!

Varieties.

ENGINEERING SCHOOLS.—As the connoisseur in art will exclaim, at sight of a picture, "That is Turner," or "That is Stanfeld," detecting the hand of the master in it: so the experienced mechanician, at sight of one of his machines or engines, will be equally ready to exclaim, "That is Maudslay," for the characteristic style of the master-mind is as clear to the experienced eye, in the case of the finished machine, as the touches of the artist's pencil are in the case of the finished picture. What Oxford and Cambridge are in letters, workshops such as Maudslay's and Penn's are in mechanics. Nor can Oxford and Cambridge men be prouder of their connection with their respective colleges than mechanics such as Whitworth, Nasmyth, Roberts, Muir, and Lewis, are of their connection with the school of Maudslay. One of Mr. Maudslay's old workmen, when informing us of the skilful manner in which he handled the file, said, "It was a pleasure to see him handle a tool of any kind, but he was quite splendid with an eighteen-inch file."—*Smiles' Industrial Engineers.*

ROYAL EXCHANGE IN QUEEN ANNE'S REIGN.—There is at this time a lamentable change from our ancient simplicity. I am much offended at the neglect of the Royal Exchange and the walks appertaining thereto. This fabric was called the Royal Exchange, to express that our monarchs' highest glory consists in being the patrons of trade, and is commodious for business. At present it hardly seems set apart for any such purpose. Instead of the assembly of honourable merchants, substantial tradesmen, and knowing masters of shops, the mumpers, the halt, the blind, and the lame; your venders of trash, apples, plums; your ragamuffins, rake-shames, and wenches have jostled the greater number of the former out of that place, especially on the evening change; so that, what with the din of squalling, oaths, and cries of beggars, men of the greatest consequence in our city absent themselves. I remember the time when rascally company were kept out, and the unlucky boys with toys and balls were whipped away by a beadle. Then the walnut trade is carried on by an old woman within the walks, which makes the place impassable by reason of shells and trash. The benches are so filthy that no one can sit down; yet the beadles at Christmas have the impudence to ask for their box, though they deserve the strapado.—*Spectator*, No. 509.

SOCIAL ADVANTAGES OF LAUGHTER.—Useful knowledge is often a very good relaxation from physical labour. Entertaining knowledge may be still more freely resorted to. But what I want now and then is entertainment without any knowledge at all—at least, without any scientific knowledge, any knowledge but that of human nature—entertainment, in short, by itself, in its simplest and broadest form. A sense of the ludicrous, the faculty of laughter, are essential, and, as I think, most useful parts of our nature. Laughter is essentially a social, a sympathetic, and a contagious power. Some nations, particularly the Orientals, are said never to laugh; but all European nations have been great laughers, and the ludicrous has played an important part even in their very history. By means of laughter absolute monarchs have been controlled upon their throne, domagogues have been checked in their career, and even Demos himself has been made to laugh at his own follies till he was almost shamed into good sense. Quackeries, hypocrisies, and affectations of all kinds have been exposed and suppressed, and the Reformation was promoted by the united efforts of reason and ridicule. The Scottish nation have never been behind their neighbours in their appreciation of this element, or in the power either of making or of enjoying mirth. Our old songs and ballads, and the best of our native writers—Dunbar, Lyndsay, Burns, and Scott—all prove the irrepressible tendency of our countrymen in this direction; and I consider it as an important counterpoise to some of those opposite qualities of sternness and severity for which we are equally remarkable. Indeed, it is probable that the grave and mirthful faculties are best developed when they co-exist in the same character, and were intended by the Creator to be brought into companionship. Spain, the gravest country in Europe, has produced the great masterpiece of ludicrous writing—a never-failing treasure of genial and innocent merriment; and in our own Shakspeare it is difficult to say which of the two powers preponderate—the comic or the tragic. I am humbly of opinion that this resource is not sufficiently used in promoting the recreation of the

humbler classes; and I think the omission is much to be lamented, as tending to leave unemployed a powerful engine for promoting social and kindly feelings. The sense of the ludicrous and the sense of the pathetic have their sources not far from each other, in the very highest part of our nature, and we might well endeavour to procure for the poor and wearied, for the thoughtless, and even for the erring, an occasional enjoyment of this special kind. Plenty of materials for such amusement may be found, if they are carefully sought and judiciously selected, and we should not leave the selection merely to the unaided taste of uneducated men. In popular productions of a comic kind there will often be something of the freedom or even the coarseness of the popular spirit. But such flaws are merely incidental to the ludicrous, not essential to it, and the guidance of a more refined spirit may keep it all right. A good laugh thus periodically administered would save a great quantity of alcohol, while it would excite those very sympathetic feelings and genial dispositions which are most wanted for regenerating our moral system and knitting together the different classes of society. The men whom we could thus send home laughing would have experienced an hour's happiness without sensuality—an evening's pleasure without fear or misgiving at the time, and without any remorse or reaction afterwards.—*Lord Neaves at Social Science Congress.*

CAN A LAKE HAVE MORE THAN ONE OUTLET?—Lake St. John, in Lower Canada, discharges itself by three outlets into the river Saguenay, first by two branches called the "Grand Décharge," and next by a series of rivers and lakes, which join the main stream after a course of fifty miles. Herschel, in his "Physical Geography," certainly recognises the possibility of a lake having more than one outlet, and gives Lake Yojoa, in Honduras, on the authority of Squier, as an instance. Humboldt, also ("Aspects of Nature," Sabine's Transl. p. 245, vol. 1), in discussing the origin of the Orinoco, states that Survile's map makes three rivers issue from one lake, and does not allude to this as an impossibility, though it is not the case. If it had been contrary to physical geography, I think he would have said so.—C. Woodward, R. E., (in "Athenaeum.")

BIRD TRADE.—There are twenty thousand song birds of different kinds sold yearly in the city of New York. Most of these are canaries. The bird merchants go to Europe about the 1st of August, and buy their stock of canaries, finches, blackbirds, and thrushes of the Germans, who raise them for sale. They come back in September and October.—*American Paper.*

ECONOMY IN THE HOUSEHOLD.—In a large London establishment, in which 200 of the persons employed were boarded, in 1840, the butchers' meat consumed was 100lb. per head per year, and its cost £12 11s. 10d.; in 1850, the quantity consumed was 369lb., the cost £9 11s. 7d.; while in 1860 the quantity was only 241lb., the cost being £8 12s. The explanation afforded is this: in 1840 the butchers' meat consisted of second-rate joints containing a large quantity of bone. When roasted, it was placed before a large fire, fixed on spits running through the joints, occasioning great waste, and producing indifferent results in the cooking, the outside being generally burnt, and the inside not sufficiently done. The inferior joints were abolished, and meat only of the best quality, free from bone, was purchased: the spits were laid aside, and the bottle-jack substituted in their place. The open fire for roasting was still retained. The balance-sheet for this period shows a decrease of 98lb. per head of butchers' meat, and a saving of £3. 0s. 2d. Another ten years passed, during which the open-fire system was abandoned, and the plan of cooking by gas was introduced; this caused a further saving of 98lb. per head of butchers' meat, and of money £1 0s. 4d., although the price of meat was higher by nearly 3d. per lb.—*Builder.*

LABOUR STRIKES IN AMERICA.—The spirit of "strike" is abroad among all the industrial classes. Here in New York, at Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Pittsburg, Chicago, and other cities the mechanics are astir—coopers, carpenters, painters, shoemakers, etc. They say they are unable to live and keep their families at the present prices of provisions, clothing, and fuel. Taking some of the necessities of life, such as flour and eggs, vegetables, sugar, tea, coffee, beef, rice, etc., it is computed that what three years ago cost 9 dollars 67 cents is not now to be had for less than 16 dollars 79 cents.—"Times" Special Correspondent.



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